

SERIAL STORY

ELUSIVE ISABEL

By JACQUES FUTELLE

Illustrations by M. KETTER

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SYNOPSIS.

Count di Rinaldi, the Italian ambassador, is at dinner with diplomats when a messenger summons him to the embassy, where a beautiful young woman asks for a ticket to the embassy ball. The ticket is made out in the name of Miss Isabel Thorne, and Grimm goes to the state hall for information. His attention is called to Miss Isabel Thorne, who with her companion, disappears. A shot is heard and Señor Alvarez of the Mexican legation, is found wounded. Grimm is assured Miss Thorne did it; he visits her, demanding knowledge of the affair, and arrests Pietro Petrosini. Miss Thorne visits an old bomb-maker, and they discuss a wonderful experiment. Fifty thousand dollars is stolen from the office of Señor Rodriguez, the minister from Venezuela, and while detectives are investigating the robbery Miss Thorne appears as a guest of the legation. Grimm accuses her of the theft; the money is restored, but a new mystery occurs in the disappearance of Monsieur Bousquet, the French ambassador. Blaise, Miss Thorne's valet, bearing a letter which states that the ambassador has been kidnapped and demanding ransom. The ambassador returns and again strangely disappears. Later he is rescued from an old house in the suburbs. It is discovered that Pietro Petrosini shot Señor Alvarez and that he is Prince d'Abruzzi. Grimm figures in a mysterious jail delivery. He orders both Miss Thorne and d'Abruzzi to leave the country; they are conveyed to New York and placed on a steamer but return. Grimm's coffee is drugged and upon regaining consciousness he finds a sympathetic note from Isabel Thorne.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Compact.

A room, low-ceilinged, dim, gloomy, sinister as an inquisition chamber; a single large table in the center, holding a kerosene lamp, writing materials and a metal spheroid a shade larger than a one-pound shell; and around it a semicircle of silent, masked and cowed figures. There were twelve of them, eleven men and a woman. In the shadows, which grew denser at the far end of the room, was a squat, globular object, a massive, smooth-sided, black, threatening thing of iron.

One of the men glanced at his watch—it was just two o'clock—then rose and took a position beside the table, facing the semicircle. He placed the timepiece on the table in front of him.

"Gentlemen," he said, and there was the faintest trace of a foreign accent. "I shall speak English because I know that whatever your nationality all of you are familiar with that tongue. And now an apology for the theoretic aspect of all this—the masks, the time and place of meeting, and the rest of it." He paused a moment.

"There is only one person living who knows the name and position of all of you," and by a sweep of his hand he indicated the motionless figure of the woman. "It was by her decision that masks are worn, for, while we all know the details of the Latin compact, there is a bare chance that some one will not sign, and it is not desirable that the identity of that person be known to all of us. The reason for the selection of this time and place is obvious, for an inkling of the proposed signing has reached the Secret Service. I will add the United States was chosen as the birthplace of this new epoch in history for several reasons, one being the proximity to Central and South America; and another the inadequate police system which enables greater freedom of action."

He stopped and drew from his pocket a folded parchment. He tapped the tips of his fingers with it from time to time as he talked.

"The Latin compact, gentlemen, is not the dream of a night, nor of a decade. As long as fifty years ago it was suggested, and whatever differences the Latin countries of the world have had among themselves, they have always realized that ultimately they must stand together against—against the other nations of the world. This idea germinated into action three years ago, and since that time agents have covered the world in its interest. This meeting is the fruition of all that work, and this," he held the parchment aloft, "is the instrument that will unite us. Never has a diplomatic secret been kept as this has been kept; never has a greater reprisal been planned. It means, gentlemen, the domination of the world—socially, spiritually, commercially and artistically; it means that England and the United States, whose sphere of influence has extended around the globe, will be beaten back, and that the flag of the Latin countries will wave again over lost possessions. It means all of that, and more."

His voice had risen as he talked and it had grown vibrant with enthusiasm; and his hands pointed his remarks with quick, sharp gestures.

"All this," he went on, "was never possible until three years ago, when the navies of the world were given over into the hands of one nation—my

country. Five years ago a fellow-countryman of mine happened to be present at an electrical exhibition in New York City, and there he witnessed an interesting experiment—a practical demonstration of the fact that a submarine mine may be exploded by the use of the Marconi wireless system. He was a practical electrician himself, and the idea lingered in his mind. For two years he experimented, and finally this resulted." He picked up the metal spheroid and held it out for their inspection. "As it stands it is absolutely perfect and gives a world's supremacy to the Latin countries because it places all the navies of the world at our mercy. It is a variation of the well-known percussion cap or fuse by which mines and torpedoes are exploded."

"The theory of it is simple, as are the theories of all great inventions; the secret of its construction is known only to its inventor—a man of whom you never heard. It is merely that the mechanism of the cap is so delicate that the Marconi wireless waves—and only those—will fire the cap. In other words, this cap is tuned, if I may use the word, to a certain number of vibrations and half-vibrations; a wireless instrument of high power, with modifying addition which the inventor has added, has only to be set in motion to discharge it at any distance up to twenty-five miles. High power wireless waves recognize no obstacles, so the explosion of a submarine mine is as easily brought about as would be the explosion of a mine on dry land. You will readily see its value as a protective agency for our seaports."

He replaced the spheroid on the table.

"But its chief value is not in that," he resumed. "Its chief value is to the Latin compact, gentlemen, is that the United States and England are now concluding negotiations, unknown to each other, by which they will protect their seaports by means of mines primed with this cap. The tuning of the caps which we will use is known only to us; the tuning of the caps which they will use is also known to



"The Latin Compact, gentlemen, is not the dream of a night, nor of a decade."

us! The addition to the wireless apparatus which they will use is such that they can not, even by accident, explode a mine guarding our seaports; but, on the other hand, the addition to the wireless apparatus which we will use permits of the extreme high charge which will explode their mines. To make it clearer, we could send a navy against such a city as New York or Liverpool, and explode every mine in front of us as we went; and meanwhile our mines are impervious."

"Another word, and I have finished. Five gentlemen, whom I imagine are present now, have witnessed a test of this cap, by direct command of their home governments. For the benefit of the others of you a simple test has been arranged for tonight. This cap on the table is charged; its inventor is at his wireless instrument, fifteen miles away. At three o'clock he will turn on the current that will explode it." Four of the eleven men looked at their watches. "It is now seventeen minutes past two. I am instructed, for the purposes of the test, to place this cap anywhere you may select—in this house or outside of it, in a box, sealed, or under water. The purpose is merely to demonstrate its efficacy; to prove to your complete satisfaction that it can be exploded under practically any conditions."

His entire manner underwent a change; he drew a chair up to the table, and stood for an instant with his hand resting on the back.

"The compact is written in three languages—English, French and Italian. I shall ask you to sign, after reading either or all, precisely as the directions you have received from your home government instruct. On behalf of the three greatest Latin countries, as special envoy of each, I will sign first."

He dropped into the chair, signed each of the three parchment pages three times, then rose and offered the pen to the cowed figure at one end of the semicircle. The man came forward, read the English transcript, studied the three signatures already there with a certain air of surprise, then signed. The second man signed, the third man, and the fourth.

The fifth had just risen to go forward when the door opened silently and Mr. Grimm entered. Without a glance either to right or left, he went straight toward the table, and extended a hand to take the compact.

For an instant there had come amazement, a dumb astonishment, at the intrusion. It passed, and the hand of the man who had done the talking darted out, seized the compact, and held it behind him.

"If you will be good enough to give that to me, your Highness," suggested Mr. Grimm quietly.

For half a minute the masked man stared straight into the listless eyes of the intruder, and then:

"Mr. Grimm, you are in very great danger."

"That is beside the question," was the reply. "Be good enough to give me that document."

He backed away as he spoke, kicked the door closed with one heel, then leaned against it, facing them.

"Or better yet," he went on after a moment, "burn it. There is a lamp in front of you." He paused for an answer. "It would be absurd of me to attempt to take it by force," he added.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Percussion Cap.

There was a long, tedious silence. The cowed figures had risen ominously; Miss Thorne paled behind her mask, and her fingers gripped her palms fiercely, still she sat motionless. Prince d'Abruzzi broke the silence. He seemed perfectly calm and self-possessed.

"How did you get in?" he demanded.

"Throttled your guard at the front door, took him down cellar and locked him in the coal-bin," replied Mr. Grimm tersely. "I am waiting for you to burn it."

"And how did you escape from— from the other place?"

Mr. Grimm shrugged his shoulders.

"The lamp is in front of you," he said.

"And find your way here?" the prince pursued.

Again Mr. Grimm shrugged his shoulders. For an instant longer the prince gazed straight into his inscrutable face, then turned accusing eyes on the masked figures about him.

"Is there a traitor?" he demanded suddenly. His gaze settled on Miss Thorne and lingered there.

"I can relieve your mind on that point—there is not," Mr. Grimm assured him. "Just a final word, your Highness, if you will permit me. I have heard everything that has been said here for the last fifteen minutes. The details of your percussion cap are interesting. I shall lay them before my government and my government may take it upon itself to lay them before the British government. You yourself said a few minutes ago that this cap was invented and perfected. It isn't possible the minute my government is warned against its use. That will be my first duty."

"You are giving some very excellent reasons, Mr. Grimm," was the deliberate reply, "why you should not be permitted to leave this room alive."

"Further," Mr. Grimm resumed in the same tone, "I have been ordered to prevent the signing of that compact, at least in this country. It seems that I am barely in time. If it is signed—and it will be useless now on your own statement unless you murder me—every man who signs it will have to reckon with the highest power of this country. Will you destroy it? I don't want to know what countries already stand committed by the signatures there."

"I will not," was the steady response. And then, after a little: "Mr. Grimm, the inventor of this little cap, insignificant as it seems, will receive millions for it. Your silence would be worth—just how much?"

Mr. Grimm's face turned red, then white again.

"Which would you prefer? An independence by virtue of a great fortune, or—the other thing?"

Suddenly Miss Thorne tore the mask from her face and came forward. Her cheeks were scarlet, and anger flamed in the blue-gray eyes.

"Mr. Grimm has no price—I happen to know that," she declared hotly. "Neither money nor a consideration for his own personal safety will make him turn traitor." She stared coldly into the prince's eyes. "And we are not assassins here," she added.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

YES, THERE ARE FLATHEADS

Babies' Heads Are Bandaged in Ask Minor to Produce the Approved Shape.

People who are markedly broad headed are more or less flattened at the back of the head. Some of the flattest headed people of the world are among the Armenians and the tribesmen in the highlands of Asia Minor and some of them practice the custom of bandaging the babies' heads in order to get them the approved shape. It is just the opposite in Crete.

With the exception of the better educated people in the towns and in the village in the mountains all Cretan mothers bind the heads of their children when tiny to make them of a nice round form. In fact, when I was pressing home my questions in order to make quite sure of the object the mothers had in view one of them told me that I had a "very bad head," and that my bumps and ridges ought to have been smoothed away in my infancy. Yet, after a fairly exhaustive inquiry, I came to the conclusion that the bandage in Crete is never tight, and lasts for so short a time that nothing is effected.—C. H. Hawes, in the Wide World Magazine.

Tolstoy's Intensity.

We quoted the other day an interesting description of the count by an eminent Russian writer. Everything in Tolstoy's character, he said, attains Titanic proportions. "As a drinker he absorbed fantastic quantities of liquor. As a gambler he terrified his partners by the boldness of his play. As a soldier he advanced gayly to bastion four, the bastion of death, at Sebastopol, and there he made dying men laugh at his witty sayings. He surpassed everyone by his prodigious activity in sport as well as in literature."—London Times.

SOCIAL CRISIS

By Rev. Dr. George W. Anderson
Pastor of Union Methodist Episcopal Church, St. Louis.

TEXT.—Jacob was a plain man dwelling among the tents; and as a plain man hast thou now prevailed.

As men do not pick diamonds from trees, but rather search for them among the barren stones and soil, so God seeks for great leaders, not among the exalted, but from the great mass of common folk. Desiring to start a new race preparatory to Christ's coming, he searched among the common ones of Chaldea until he found Abraham, a worshiper of idols, and sent him forth not only to be the father of the Jewish race, but of the three great forms of monotheistic religion the world has ever known. God searched for an emancipator and he found Moses, an alien, born in servitude, and sent him forth to lay the foundations of civilization.

Desiring to reveal the power of the strong will and the indomitable ambition, he searched among the open fields until he found Jacob, a plain man, dwelling among tents, and sent him forth as a prince of God.

The story of Jacob is the story of ambition, bad and good, laying hold of every means to meet its end; filled with mingled paths and joy. As the bad ambition it sends its harvest of sorrow, and as a holy ambition its harvest of joy. In no life is the failure of ungodly ambition and the success of righteous ambition more marked.

Jacob desired to rule, to lift himself out of the common place, to become a prince among men, and failing to realize the difference between right and wrong, brought dismal failure. He believed that birthright gave the power to rule, and unjustly sought to secure one not his own.

At the doorway of a weather-beaten tent he sat one evening, a mere lad. The lengthening shadows were silently wrapping the landscape with haze. Before him burned a blazing fire that laughed at the thickening shadows with defiance, cast its rich glow on his clear-cut features and caused the tent folds to stand out distinct against the dull background.

The atmosphere is fragrant with the stream of cooking porridge, which he idly stirred. He was dreaming of leadership, when out from the shadows came one staggering with weakness and hunger and crying out for food. Here was the age-long problem of supply and demand.

Jacob, being careful, shrewd, far-sighted, had provided for a time of need. Esau, careless, indifferent, wandering in disposition had made no such provision. It was strength pitted against weakness. Strength said: "What I have is mine, and if any would seek it, let him pay my price."

There is only one thing that Esau had, his birthright, the very thing that Jacob seeks. And in that hour the voice of ambition says: "Put your price high, young man. Get all you can." And Jacob, looking at his starving brother, said: "I will give you to eat if you will give me your birthright." Faint with weariness and hunger, Esau made the bargain.

With uplifted hands Esau gives to Jacob that which Jacob had no right to own, but possessed solely through the power of capital. Now, Jacob is a shrewd and rich man in the sight of the world. He has deceived his brother, has gotten his brother's blessing and he is the priest of the community.

Behold him several days after seeing in the darkness from his brother, an exile and empty handed. Why? Because money and power gotten by unrighteous methods never enrich. Behold Jacob in the open fields, with no bed save sand, no pillow save stones, no covering save the open sky, the picture of a thousand characters of history.

Then comes the vision of Jacob, the ladder reaching up to heaven and the angels ascending and descending. Jacob sees that while ungodly ambition brought failure, godly ambition could lift him up to God. The angels ascend and descend; they go up only that they might come down. Ambition should lead a man up, only that, in the heights, he may gain power and strength to come back into the lowly fields and serve his fellow man. He must climb the ladder to God only that he may come back to serve those who need help.

A man becomes a prince, not through birthright, but through service.

Esau came with his armies to catch the fleeing Jacob, but Jacob, having wrestled with the angel, comes to meet his brother with arms extended, not to rule but to serve. And Esau, beholding the change in his brother, leaps from his horse and embraces Jacob. Jacob has now become the prince of his own people, not through ambition to rule, but to serve.

Courage.

It is not moral courage that makes a man face the gallows without a quiver; it is the callousness of sin. This false idea of bravado and courage is leading multitudes of young men to the pit.—Rev. W. H. Geis: weit, Baptist, San Diego.

Helping.

When you give help to him who is down and out you project your life if you cannot help another your life is not worth much.—Rev. W. B. Hinson, Baptist, Portland, Ore.

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Catching Mrs. Jones's

Puzzle

If Mrs. Jones buys her coffee at Smith's each week—

If the coffee in your store is better than Smith's and cheaper—

Why, TELL MRS. JONES!

Don't dash wildly across the street to tell her, though; she'd laugh at you. Insert a sane, forceful advertisement in this paper about your coffee.

We'll catch her eye by making your ad. attractive. Then all that is left for you to do is to take in the money for the coffee Mrs. Jones buys.

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Find the Man

Every man and woman is anxious to buy some article—necessity or luxury—every day of his or her life. Single handed it would take you months to seek out those interested in your line of business.

An advertisement in this paper does the work instantaneously.

It corrals the purchaser—brings him to your store—makes him buy things you advertised.

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Enlarging Your Business



If you are in business and you want to make more money you will read every word we have to say. Are you spending your money for advertising in haphazard fashion as if intended for charity, or do you advertise for direct results?

Did you ever stop to think how your advertising can be made a source of profit to you, and how its value can be measured in dollars and cents. If you have not, you are throwing money away.

Advertising is a modern business necessity, but must be conducted on business principles. If you are not satisfied with your advertising you should set aside a certain amount of money to be spent

annually, and then carefully note the effect it has in increasing your volume of business; whether a 10, 20 or 30 per cent increase. If you watch this gain from year to year you will become intensely interested in your advertising, and how you can make it enlarge your business.

If you try this method we believe you will not want to let a single issue of this paper go to press without something from your store.

We will be pleased to have you call on us, and we will take pleasure in explaining our annual contract for so many inches, and how it can be used in whatever amount that seems necessary to you.

If you can sell goods over the counter we can also show you why this paper will best serve your interests when you want to reach the people of this community.

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